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GATHERED LEAFLETS



HELENA CALLANAN



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[SECOND EDITION.]

GATHERED
LEAFLETS :

BY
HELENA CALLANAN.

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DEDICATION.

It is with the deepest respect and reverence that I dedicate this little book to the revered memory of Mr. Richard Dowden (Richard) of Rathlee, Cork. As these pages will have small chance of being much read beyond our local homes, his familiar name will meet with a warm greeting, recalling to many the image of the true Christian gentleman who moved in their midst "some twenty golden years ago;" lending to every philanthropic labour, and social gathering, the charm of his own peculiarly pure and genial nature, his large-hearted generosity, and all-embracing sympathy, adopted every good cause, and worked for it with zealous activity independent of sect or class. But every man has his pet project. Outside the sacred cause of temperance, the welfare and happiness of our Institution was nearest to his heart, and from us the deepest debt of gratitude is due. He laboured for our interest with a paternal, enthusiastic devotion.

Oft have the sweet Shandon Bells tolled the year's farewell above his quiet rest; but even now the remembrance of a word spoken by him can touch the tenderest chords of memory, and waken sad regret. Years pass,

and ring their changes on the heart, often with metallic sound ; but a pleasant voice, musical with kindly feeling, can make its echoes heard through time and change. His family being so much one with our Institution, I did not ask permission to write this dedication, fearing a sensitive modesty might deprive me of the sad pleasure of paying this humble tribute to his memory.

The thoughts of many hearts, to one
Whose memory lives for ever green ;
A genial beam of Summer sun,
Fragrant with all his life has been.

HELENA CALLANAN.

Asylum for the Blind,
Cork, December, 1884.

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GATHERED LEAFLETS.

THANKS.

TO J. C.

KIND stranger friend, thy genial sympathy
Thy gift enhances threefold in its worth;
These simple lines shall bear my thanks to thee
From the old city of thy love and birth,
Of which each fond endearing memory
Rings in thy heart a ceaseless melody.
I know the glory that from thee hath fled,
Yet with calm courage brave resignedly;
Thy patient steps the briary pathway tread,
But, blest with hope, thou canst more clearly see,
Than great scientists, of planets bright,
Beyond the Shadow of the Cross, the light.
A friendly voice once, with thine own bright rhymes,
Beguiled a lonely hour, one autumn day,
Full of quaint humour, telling of old times,
Recalling scenes and faces passed away—
Some through the portals of Eternity,
Yet dearer still than all on earth that be.

FATHER MATHEW.

ONCE, in our city by the Lee,
The golden bond of charity
Together bound three hearts as leal
As ever beat for Ireland's weal;
Each with the same grand mission blest
Though none the other's creed professed
Shades of opinion, creed, and class,
Were all dissolved to save the mass.

The Christian man whose genial ways*
Outlived the memory of his days,
Whose heart o'erflowed with sympathy
For all God's human family,
Embraced the cause with one whose life
A precept preached 'gainst brawl and strife; †
Both marked the ardent priest, and knew
Their cause had gained a champion true.

They saw, behind the modest veil,
Vast stores of energy and zeal,
That could a golden harvest glean—
Nor had their inspiration been
A futile hope, they woke the fire
That flamed into a grand desire :—
To war with drink and take firm stand
Against the evil of our land.

Like light in darkness Mathew came,
To break the chains of guilt and shame
That trammelled, with a dark disgrace,
The children of the Irish race ;
'Twas his high destiny to win
Thousands of souls from vice and sin.
The stoutest heart might quail to see
Our bondage worse than slavery.

The friar, in humble habit clad,
Passed o'er the land and left it glad,
Hope crowned, invigorated, free
From base degrading misery ;
His blessing fructified the earth,
His pledge brought peace to every hearth,
The sunny radiance of his smile
From East to West lit up our isle.

* Richard Dowden (Richard).

† William Martin, the Quaker.

Men followed him with love and awe,
They recognised his word as law.
'Twas not his eloquence sublime
That sent his voice from clime to clime,
But that deep earnest power, that dwells
Where truth and charity excels.
And Father Mathew's pledge and name
A sacred spell-word soon became !

Priest, friend, and great philanthropist,
Few could his grace and charm resist ;
The children gathered round his way,
As if they knew how proud one day
Would be their privilege to tell
That on their ears his accents fell,
That they had seen his kindly face,—
The saviour of their age and race.

Bright in our country's annals shine
The preachers of the Word Divine,
Nor can the proudest nation boast
The record of a truer host.
Of minstrels, poets, scholars, we
Can count a glorious galaxy ;
But Ireland twines round Mathew's name
The fairest chaplet of her fame.

Deep in her virgin heart enshrined
He lives, the friend of all mankind—
The tender, loving, christian man
Who raised the flag and led the van
Of noble souls, who, armed with right,
Went forth to battle with the might
Of demon Drink, and check the course
Sweeping the land with cataract force.

In vain, fair city by the Lee,
 They sleep, the venerated three ;
 But they were with us in our need,
 They sowed the good enduring seed :
 To every worker in the field
 May God a precious harvest yield,
 And fairest fruitage of success
 Their noble efforts crown and bless.

GRANDMAMA'S BOY.

(GRAND-NEPHEW OF FATHER MATHEW.)

FAIN I'd keep thee in the homestead,
 But I try to teach my heart
 That in life's unceasing battle
 Thou wilt act a Christian's part ;
 And the rooftree cannot always
 Hide the bird within its nest,
 For the future hath its duties—
 It is wisest thus and best.

But the lonely heart will miss thee,
 Darling child, my love was thine,
 Since those twin bright baby faces
 Pressed so lovingly to mine ;
 And soft arms were clasped around me
 And I felt my joy complete,
 When the rose lips, softly prattling,
 Lisped out " Gran'-mama " so sweet.

From a distant country came they,
 Treasures trusted to my care ;
 Soon they found my heart's warm shelter,
 And they nestled fondly there.
 Charlie, full of pranks and humour,
 Mary, winsome and so fair,
 Ringing laughter through the household
 Told that joyous youth was there.

Grandmama will miss her Charlie,
Miss his wiles and merry ways,
And the little sister lonely
In her walks and at her plays.
But her brother will be learning
How to tread the path of truth—
Purest Virtue, truest Honour,
Guardian angels of his youth.

While my Charlie struggles bravely
Grandmama will watch and pray
That temptation's darkling shadows
May not lead her boy astray.
Through the many years that wait thee
Be thy loved one's pride and joy,
And, my darling, oh, remember,
Thou art Grandmama's Own Boy.

S U M M E R .

THERE are flowers in the valleys,
There is sunshine on the hills,
Through the bowers and leafy alleys
The warm breath of Summer thrills ;
Gentle airs are softly blowing,
Pearly streamlets blithely flowing,
Nature's music gushing clear,
Rippling through the vale and wildwood,
Like the voice of happy childhood ;
With glad greeting hail the Summer,
Fairest season of the year !

Summer meets us rich and golden,
Shedding beauty o'er the earth,
Every hour new charms unfolding,
Filling all the land with mirth,

Bringing smiles to brows of sadness ;
Sights and sounds of light and gladness
Soothe the heart and please the ear.
Happy birds through airland winging,
Sweetest salutations singing—
Hail, glad Summer ! glad we greet thee,
Fairest season of the year !

Nestling in the bright June roses
Dripping still with dews of May,
Summer 'mid the buds reposes,
Till they blush beneath his ray,
And from out their opening blushes
Such a stream of fragrance rushes,
We forget the winter drear.
Snow-crowned hills and mountains hoary
Bask in floods of Summer glory.
Hail, glad Summer ! glad we greet thee,
Fairest season of the year !

On the banks are children playing,
Mirrored in the brook beneath ;
Or away in green fields straying,
Weaving many a daisy wreath ;
Golden hair, like sunbeams streaming,
Blue eyes, love and sweetness beaming,
Yet undimmed by sorrow's tear.
Gather, little ones, your flowers,
Offspring of the rosy hours.—
Hail, bright Summer ! glad we greet thee,
Fairest season of the year !

Happy children, 'tis your season,
Twine your chaplets while you may,
Ere the sterner voice of reason
Calls you from your sportive play.

Innocence your hearts possessing,
Bless the source of every blessing,
Lisp His name in accents clear,
Praise Him for the morning splendour,
For the twilight soft and tender.
Hail, glad Summer ! glad we greet thee,
Fairest season of the year !

Nature fair, unclasp thy pages,
Rich with poetry divine,
Inspiration of all ages,
Ever pure exhaustless mine !
Help us now, O vast creation
Songs to raise of adoration,
Gratitude and love sincere.
Warm heart's gushing reach God's dwelling,
Joyful strains heaven's glory telling.
Hail, glad Summer ! glad we greet thee,
Fairest season of the year !

LIFE AND DEATH.

I.

Just one hour before the Sabbath,
There God's angel hovered near,
Long the white wings had been rustling,
But our hearts refused to hear.
Nearer still, and ever nearer,
Stole the reaper on his way,
Hour by hour the shadows deepened,
Hope grew fainter with each day.

II.

Sitting in this chamber lonely,
In the softly shaded light,
How the dear dead face reminds us
Of lost pictures, oh, so bright.

Here the bridal vows were spoken—
Vows of faith in weal or woe—
On that happy August morn
Only two short years ago.

III.

Baby, hush, thy plaintive wailing
Cannot reach thy mother's ear;
Pledge of love, of grief the herald,
Thy frail life hath cost us dear.
She, whose way thy face should brighten,
Sleeps the holy sleep of death.
Pretty firstling, gift of heaven,
Sorrow came with thy first breath.

IV.

Never shall thine eyes of fondness
Gaze upon a mother's face,
Never shall her guardian spirit,
With its tender modest grace,
Win thee by its soft attraction,
Teach thee by each gentle art;
Nor her sweet voice tell the story
Of the Christ-Child's loving heart.

V.

Twine the wreaths of rose and myrtle,
Let sweet flowers perfume her rest,
Place her beads between her fingers,
And the Cross upon her breast—
Blessed Cross, Redemption's emblem,
Teach us now to kiss the rod,
Give us in our sorest trial
Strength to bless the will of God.

VI.

Bright the Sabbath day is dawning,
Prayerful sounds the Sabbath bells ;
Ah, the day of rest is perfect
Where in peace thy spirit dwells,
Resting in the love unchanging,
'Taking up the angels' lay,
Happy in the bliss transcendent
Of the long, long Sabbath day.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT OF SHAMROCKS.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND DR. O'MAHONY, TORONTO.

I.

To every heart in every clime
The King of Love a message brings ;
To those who preach His Word sublime
Sweet are His tender whisperings.

II.

Now thou art in His greenest spot,
Thy footsteps tread the mystic way,
He hath desired to make thy lot
One calm, pure, happy Christmas Day.

III.

I know thy eyes will kindly greet
This sprig of Erin's own bright green,
More prized than rose with perfume sweet,
Or tropic plant of richest sheen.

IV.

Fresh gathered when the early dew
Was shining on each tiny spray,
Thy feet oft wandered where they grew—
Hearts keep thy memory green as they.

V.

Take Ireland's Shamrock to thy heart,
 Thy Celtic heart so true and warm—
 Only three leaves, but say what art
 Could weave for thee so dear a charm.

VI.

And, like Iona's exiled dove,
 Bless thou the land that gave them birth—
 The richest land, in faith and love,
 That ever smiled on God's fair earth.

 THE LAST OF AN OLD FRIEND.

INSCRIBED TO THE LADY OF RATHLEE, WHO IS ALSO THE
 SUBJECT OF THE NEXT POEM.

TENDERLY old visions greet us,
 Tinged with memories warm and bright,
 Making quaint and pleasant pictures
 In the Christmas fire to-night;
 Gleaming softly 'mid the ivy,
 Shining on the holly sprays,
 How they crowd and chase each other
 In the glowing embers' blaze!
 Red flames flash from floor to roof-tree,
 From the heart of an old friend,
 Nobly friendship's task fulfilling,
 Giving pleasure to the end.
 Once this Yule log, crowned with beauty,
 Reigned the glory of the Lee—
 Changes great have come, and many,
 Since thy birth, old Sally-tree.
 Dreaming youth beneath thy shadow
 Caught from hope such radiant beams,
 That the fair glad world of nature
 Seemed reflected in its dreams;

There, perchance, in riper wisdom,
Was conceived some burning thought
That hath blossomed into action,
And a noble deed hath wrought.
In the hush of summer twilight
Round thee gathered old and young,
Hand clasped hand in friendly greeting,
Tales were told and songs were sung.
Last of all thy graceful sisters,
Guardian monarch of the Lee,
Youth, and age, and love, and sorrow,
Sought thy shade, old Sally-tree.

In the days when youth and maiden
Sported on the village green,
When the ring of happy laughter
Woke to life the rural scene;
Then were rifled field and forest
For the games of merry May,
When night dews were on the meadows
And the moonbeams cheered the way.
Still did'st thou survive the pillage
Of the gay mirth-loving past,
But e'en trees must own life's power,
And we mourn thy fall at last.
One wild night the wind in anger
Fiercely swept across the Lee,
And with ruthless hand he levelled
To the earth our Sally-tree.

Ere the last red flame has quivered
And thy life's warm pulse is dead,
Whilst the Christmas stars are shining,
Ere the last bright beam has fled,
I would cast this wreath of ivy
On thy embers as they fade,

And in simple verse embalm thee—
Tribute for thy friendly shade.
While thy ashes are yet fragrant
With the memories of the past,
Let us pray that friendship's blessing
May be with us to the last.
When the early blush of summer
Lights again upon thee, Lee,
Loiterers on its banks shall miss thee
From thy place, old Sally-tree.

IN COMMEMORATION OF A SILVER
WEDDING.

FOR "Auld Lang Syne" and memories dear
To-night the past with present meet ;
In feeble song and truth sincere
Pledge we our hearts our friends to greet ;
Glad welcome giving old and new,
But, ah, to thee, the kindest, nearest
And truest found, where all are true,
Give we our first, our warmest, dearest.

We make this happy hour your own,
And pray it be the herald bright
Of years as many as have flown—
As shadowless in their swift flight ;—
Still strewing blessings at thy feet,
Truth's smile and friendship's voice to cheer thee,
Pure homely joys and pleasures sweet,
And all the loved and loving near thee.

Could wishes promise happiness—
The fruit of morning's fairest hopes—
This Silver Wedding Day should bless
And softly gild life's shady slopes.

But stronger words than ours are weak
The heart's devotion in revealing ;
For there are thoughts we may not speak,
And hidden springs of purest feeling.

The cherished names that shine to-night
In tender memories' warmest glow,
Are hallowed by the holy light
Of those who left us long ago ;
Whose presence oft our pathway blessed,
Their wealth of sunshine gleaming o'er us,
We'll give one thought to those who rest—
The loved, "not lost, but gone before" us.

October, 1881.

CALLED AWAY.

I HAD one flower so sweet and rare,
It shed its fragrance everywhere—
My only one, my lily fair.

One day from Heaven a message came
That filled my heart with keenest pain—
God wanted back his gift again.

My little one grew tired of play ;
The playthings all were put away—
My flower had bloomed her little day.

My winsome sprite of life and glee,
Her years had scarcely numbered three—
But, ah ! what was she not to me ?

Down to our earth, by sindefiled,
God's Angel came, and o'er my child
Fluttered his snowy wings and smiled.

He hushed my darling into rest,
Laid the white blossom on her breast,
And bore her to the Mansions Blest.

I miss the baby prattle sweet,
The laughing eyes, the dancing feet,
That morn and eve I used to meet.

But she is blooming pure and free ;
Near the white throne she waits for me,
And joyful will our meeting be.

ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the old ties sever,
Links drop off from friendship's chain,
Golden links that years can never
Gather up and knit again !
Some are parting, some departed,
Friends like thee, with truth like thine,
Be they blessed, the dear, true-hearted,
Cherished friends of "Auld Lang Syne."

Sad we count the vacant places
Made by every broken tie,
One by one the friendly faces
Leave us as the years go by ;
One by one the voices pleasant,
That have made life's melody,
Drop away and rob the present
Of its sweetest harmony.

Could warm wishes e'er surround thee
With earth's best and purest pleasures,
Peace and love had ever crowned thee
With their wealth of richest treasures ;

Many tender wayside flowers
Didst thou scatter o'er our way,
May their sweets perfume the hours
In the twilight of life's day.

One by one the old ties sever,
Links drop off from friendship's chain,
Golden links that years can never
Gather up and knit again !
Thou art linked with memories olden,
Tender thoughts of thee remain,
And within the precincts golden
Love shall bind each broken chain.

MAY IN THE CITY.

THE roses opening to the sun
Proclaim that winter's work is done ;
May, like her own fair Queen of Love,
With blessings o'er the earth doth move ;
In thrills and shakes the whole day long
My birdie fills the hours with song,
And happy, as in woodland gay,
Echoes the revelry of May.

Be glad, my heart, for summer's come,
And, e'en to this poor city home,
The welcome time of light and flowers
Shall bring good gifts and happy hours.
Here, in this squalid, crowded street,
Where weary hearts, 'mid toil and heat,
Life's burdens bear from day to day,
E'en here we know thee, blushing May.

So far away from fields and woods,
Green sunny meads, cool solitudes,
Without one glimpse of country fair,
And scarce a breath of pure fresh air ;
A beam from the bright Heaven of blue
Will stray some attic window through,
And longing eyes in summer's ray
Hail the glad messenger of May.

From early morn to eve I hear
The merry bird-notes ringing clear—
The notes that e'en in winter's gloom
Made summer music in my room.
Here though no dewy bud is seen,
Nor blossom white, nor leaf of green,
No warbler perched on hawthorn spray
Could sing a sweeter song of May.

But sometimes I could pity thee,
So wasted seems thy melody,
Lost in the city's toil and din,
'Mid sounds of discord, strife and sin ;
Yet, birdie, sing of flowers and streams,
And with bright pictures fill the dreams
Of many who through life's rough way
See but faint images of May.

BABY'S LAST KISS.

THREE times, since little Johnnie's birth,
The hawthorn trees were white ;
Only three summers, but to earth
A benediction bright.
One of those frail, sweet blossoms given
To link more closely earth with heaven.

The long gray shadows fell athwart
The dim and silent room :
A mother watched, with beating heart,
Alone amid the gloom,
Beside her dying baby-boy—
Her first-born gift of hope and joy.
With patient thankfulness she blest
The hand that plucked the flower.
Better to mourn in emptiness
Than watch from hour to hour,
The bright bird chained and helpless lie,
While clogged with pain the years go by.
And this her darling's lot should be
Through childhood's sunny day,
Never to run with careless glee,
Or play as children play.
His name was writ on sorrow's page—
Affliction was his heritage.
Weary, with many vigils kept,
The blessed balm of sleep
Over her heavy eyelids crept,
And slumber calm and deep
For one brief moment hushed to rest
Her sad thoughts, in oblivion blest.
"One kiss, mama," the baby cried,
With love's last effort weak,
He raised the tiny arms and tried
To reach his mother's cheek ;
And trying broke life's feeble thread—
The baby's spirit upward's fled.
But he will keep that farewell kiss
A token pure and sweet ;
'Twill greet her entrance into bliss
When child and mother meet
Where every cloud in sorrow's day
To glory adds a brighter ray.

LOUIS VEUILLOT'S LAST POEM.

WHEN death's bright angel brings God's message blest,
You will place at my side my pen ;
The cross, my proudest glory, on my breast :
At my feet this volume : and then
Softly close my coffin in peaceful rest.

When you breathe the last prayer in solemn awe,
Plant the crucifix o'er the dead,
(The grand saving sign of Redemption's law).
If they mark by a stone my bed,
Let them write on the slab, " j'ai cru, je vois."

Say among you " He sleeps, his days are passed,
His life's laborious tasks are o'er ? "
Say rather, " He wakes, he sees at last
The Heaven he dreamed of ever more,
By the perfect light o'er his spirit cast."

From slander's breath shield not my memory,
Should hatred's blight on me descend,
I am content, I have my victory :—
Truth can with evil powers contend,
I have fought the good fight, my soul is free.

The men who make this vile attack of hate,
Are those to whom my name is bound ;
While I, at mercy's portals wait,
Let them say on :—perhaps each wound
Shall throw in shadow my offences great.

I am in peace ; let their malignity
Rage on till rage is satisfied.
Blessed be God, for this that now I see ;
Still can I preach Christ crucified :—
In dust e'en yet I am their enemy.

Thrice bless'd be God, my voice still strong and clear
Persecutes those who dare to lie ;
What they insult I honour and revere ;
The truths, imposter's lips deny
Believing, worshipping, I hold most dear.

On many souls I shed the light of day ;
I cheered the fettered captive's doom ;
For heavenly angels I made clear the way,
To hearts where fairest flowers shall bloom,
And love be born and hold supremest sway.

My life was sweet though lost my early years ;
On bare rocks, washed by ocean's spray
The moss grows green ; so on remorseful fears,
Repentance shines, with sun-bright ray,
When sorrow spends itself in bitter tears.

My life was happy, brightened by my love ;
In my hard fight, faith fortified
My charmed heart, and made it strong to prove
The strength of true love purified
From earthly stain, and firmly fixed above.

I was a sinner, missing oft the light
That glory sheds round virtue's ways ;
But now, thank God, His truth divinely bright
Have doubt and error swept away—
Penance and prayer have chased the clouds of night.

In Christ on earth I placed my hope alone ;
I blushed not at His law or name.
The last dread day, before His father's throne,
He will not blush, but veil my shame :—
My King and Lord shall claim me as His own.

LITTLE WILLIE.

WILLIE ran with happy glee,
On the rocky cliff,
After butterfly and bee,
Merrily, as if
Danger frowned not at his feet.
Down the deep abyss
Shrub and plant and floweret sweet
Crowned the precipice.

Willie, when the morn was young,
On the dark cliff's bosom,
Sported with the bee that hung
On a fragrant blossom
Growing far adown the steep.
On the grassy ledges
Willie slept a dreamless sleep
'Mid the weedy sedges.

Willie, when the day was old
And in glory dying,
Found they lifeless, still and cold
At the cliff's foot lying.
Bright on bee, and flower and child,
Rose the Summer sun ;
On the shore a wail rang wild
Ere the day was done.

THE IVY OF THE SACRED HEART.

'Tis not the children of the bowers,
Fond nurslings of the summer hours,
Red rose or virgin lily pale,
That reads, my friend, the sweetest tale ;
A little trembling ivy spray,
Transplanted here one autumn day,
The whole year long, through sun and rain,
Keeps guardian watch around her pane.

'Mid shining flowers it hath its birth,
That bright and fragrant make our earth ;
It watched them fade and bloom anew,
Yet lived the changeful seasons through,
In light and shadow still the same ;
The hallowed meaning of its name—
The Ivy of the Sacred Heart—
A tender lesson doth impart.

Some lover, with a poet's eye
For God's least gift on earth or sky,
In tint or form of leaf, or flower,
Or bright-winged creature of the hour,
Traced in the ivy's heart-shaped leaves
The story of that Heart that grieves
And loves, beyond conception's art,
The pearl of faith—the Sacred Heart.

The ivy tender watch doth keep
Above the green graves where they sleep
Whose hands twined, long ago, the sprays
That shimmered in the old log's blaze.
Ah, 'twas a graceful fancy sweet
To find in it an emblem meet
Of that all-satisfying Heart
Whose love can heal the keenest smart.

'Tis love that purifies your youth,
That outlives sorrow, pain and ruth,
Nor fades when gone life's sunny day,
But, ivy-like, hides all decay ;
That guides our footsteps down the slopes,
And plants above our ruined hopes
The bright immortal passion flowers
That blossom in eternal bowers.

D A I S Y .

IF I but knew
A rhymer true
I'd tell him where to find a theme—
A winsome sprite,
Airy and light
As ever charmed a poet's dream.
A vision sweet
His eyes should greet,
All love and innocence and mirth ;
Sportive and gay
As woodland fay—
The daisy of the cottage hearth.
A pearl of pearls,
With auburn curls,
A laughing mouth and eyes of blue ;
As lambkin fleet
Her dancing feet
Trip o'er the garden bright with dew.
She questions flowers
In sunny bowers,
At home with all fair spotless things ;
From morn to noon
A prattling tune
Of mimic speech like music rings ;
Your heart 'twould cheer
To see and hear
Her happy childish ecstasy ;
The eager rush,
The liquid gush
Of rippling bird-like melody.
Like Summer bloom
She chaseth gloom ;
'There's not in nature aught more sweet
Than this fair child,
With glee half wild—
Our bonny Ethel Marguarite.

AN AMERICAN LETTER.

“SISTER, all is well-nigh over; mine has been a weary
time,
Waiting for the long, long journey, lonely in a distant
clime.
Every day that passes o’er me my weak soul new
courage wins,
With the peace that fills my spirit Heaven’s clear
dawning light begins.

I would like to sleep among you, where my mother’s
feet should press,
And her kisses mark the green sod—e’en this wish
grows daily less;
God be praised, each longing ceases as I near the land
above,
Nothing now can cast a shadow, but the thoughts of
those I love.

Oh! my loved ones, you are near me many a painful
sleepless night,
Thronging ever fast around me till you almost hide the
light.
If I thought that you could bear it bravely my last
hours were blest;
Gladly, gladly would I welcome death’s sweet call to
home and rest!

Kindred hearts are beating near me—let this thought
sweet comfort bring—
Friendship, vigilant and tender, takes from sorrow half
the sting,
And the priest, with blessings laden, cheers me by his
presence kind;
Do not grieve, the end shall find me happy, peaceful,
and resigned.

But my hand grows fainter, fainter ; ' hot tears stain the
paper white ;
Other tears more sad and bitter yet will blot the words
I write.
Tell old friends think kindly of me—I can only write
Good-bye ;
Pray for me in the old churchyard, where at rest I fain
would lie."

Loving hearts beside the Dalla ached with sad ex-
pectancy.
In a stranger's hand, but kindly, came a letter o'er the
sea,
Telling how one bright June morning, in the perfumed
summer air,
Round a new-made grave at Woodland's mourners
knelt in silent prayer.

THE SHAMROCK IN FLORENCE.

FOLDED in a loving letter,
Deep imbedded in soft mosses,
Travelled once a tiny seedling
From the margin of the Lee,
To the floral land of Florence,
Where for sometime dwelt a maiden
Whose dear Motherland the poets
Called the Emerald of the Sea.

What the seed would be she knew not,
But it came from distant Ireland,
Whence she prized the slightest token,
Ivy leaf or purple shell ;
For so true was she to Erin,
E'en fair Italy could never
Hold one tender thought a captive
From the land she loved so well.

Questioned much the king, and marvelled
That the Father, Son and Spirit
Co-existent in one Godhead
 Reigned through all eternity ;
Softly through the dew-drops gleaming
Saw the saint a sprig of Shamrock,
And its trinity of leaflets
 Preached the wondrous mystery.

So above all flowers we prize it,
On the graves our tears bedew it,
Far away our exiles bear it
 As a link of the old land ;
And the lady told them proudly
In strange climes the Shamrock perished,
But the city of the flowers
 Erin's child could not withstand.

So with tender hand, and careful,
Planted she her far-sent treasure,
Watered it and daily watched it
 Till three green leaves crowned the stem.
To and fro from school the children
Passing wondered what the strange plant
On the sunny window growing—
 Only three green leaves to them.

Then the lady told the story—
How of old a priest, called Patrick,
Brought from Rome Faith's priceless jewel
 To the children of the Gael ;
From his lips their pagan monarch
Heard the blessed Revelation,
Saw the pearl of truth clear shining
 In the Gospel's wondrous tale.

HER WEDDING DAY.

JUNE, 1880.

IN Summer skies, with blushes bright,
The morning wakes to life and light ;
Glad promise hangs on leaves and flowers,
June revels in earth's fairest bowers.
Hail, happy day, that brings to thee,
Thy heart's desire, thy joy to be—
A light to brighten all thy years,
'Till earthly sunshine disappears !

But there's a shadow in thy place,
A shadow thou alone couldst chase,—
Kind deeds performed with taste refined,
Make acts of kindness doubly kind.
Thy gentle thoughts and pleasant words,
Unknown to thee touched hidden chords ;
Ah ! more than thou couldst ever know—
How much we feel we may not show ?

The true heart gives its smile to all,
And pleasure brings to cot and hall,
Would we could give each thought a voice,
To breathe a blessing on thy choice !
And all our farewells weave for thee,
In one harmonious melody.
To silence each discordant sound—
Peace ringing through the seasons round !

Then take our little gift of song,
And place it other gifts among ;
More fair and costly, true they be,
But ours is linked with memory—
Of home, and youth's glad shining ways ;
And ever through life's winding maze,
May all that e'er brought joy to thee,
Renew its blessing fruitfully !

Fair as the morning be thy noon !
And Winter wear the smile of June ;
Or, if light clouds must come with years,
Be they as April's fitful tears !
Through all thy ways be God thy friend,
Thy trust secure, thy hope and end,
To lead thee through the shades of even,
To Love's unchanging light in Heaven.

HER BRIDAL BOUQUET.

Hidden away from other sight,
Tied softly round with ribbon white,
I keep a few poor withered flowers,
Dead children of June's sunny hours,
They were the sweet gift of a friend,
With every leaf dear memories blend ;
She wore them on her bridal day :—
I cannot throw the flowers away !

I touch them tenderly, as though
They lived and blushed in Summer's glow,
Dried leaves—they wear for me a hue,
Brighter than roses gemmed with dew.
I prize them for the giver's sake,
I prize them for the thoughts they wake ;—
Remembrance makes December May—
I cannot throw the flowers away !

Bright orange blossoms, green maiden-hair,
Their fragrance filled the house of prayer ;
Of one great joy they were a part ;—
Small things bring sunshine to the heart.
There is no beauty in them now,
Fast crumbling into dust, but how
Could I despise them in decay ?—
She wore them on her bridal day.

HER FIRST ROSE.

TWICE the bleak November gale,
Hath chilled the flowerets in the vale,
Since, to our earth at morning light,
Fluttered a frail wee blossom white.
'Twas planted in a garden fair,
Fresh from God's hand, a treasure rare,
A precious, tender, tiny thing,
Pure as if brushed by angel's wing.

Our pretty bud in beauty grew,
Fed by the sweetest, richest dew ;
Love smiled upon the petals bright,
And warmed the little life with light.
Each day some infant charm gave place,
To newer charms of baby grace ;
Soon liquid music cheered the hearth,
In little rills of childish mirth.

The fragrant children of the bowers
Sleep coldly through the sunless hours ;
The hoar-frost glistens in the bough,—
The woodland birds are silent now.
Our bonnie blossom lives to bloom
And summer make in winter gloom ;
To woo glad sunshine to her home
Through many a spring-time yet to come.

Sweet Ida, with thy little hand
Close clasped in Mother's, thou wilt stand
One day, dear, while she reads to thee
This trivial gift of poetry.
These simple lines so incomplete,
Not bright, original or sweet,
Only a leaf from friendship's bower
To crown her darling's natal hour.

THE GIFT OF KINDNESS.

EACH life hath its seasons of springtime and flowers,
Of success and failure, of dark and bright hours,
With crosses and crowns every pathway is strewn,
Some meet joy at morning, some find it at noon ;
But earth holds one treasure that all may retain,
We miss it in pleasure, we need it in pain,
It rings in the voice, and it beams from the eye,
The sweet gift of Kindness—let none pass it by.

Cheerless the hearth that its light doth not warm,
Loveless the life that its smile cannot charm,
The dew soft'ning sorrow, the heart's living spring,
It takes from the sharpest affliction the sting.
A sparkling oasis that shines ever green,
Its beauty can brighten the dreariest scene,
In the world's wide tempest we hear its low cry
'Tis repeated in Heaven—oh ! pass it not by.

It may be one syllable kindly expressed,
But deep in the lone heart it findeth its rest,
The soft word once spoken is heard through long years,
And echoed again, oft in sorrow and tears ;
It blooms in the garden, it blooms in the glade,
Forget it in sunshine, 'twill seek you in shade ;
There's no lot too lowly, no station too high,
For this wound-healing blessing—pass it not by.

We may learn the lesson in life's daily school,
Untrammelled by system, unfettered by rule,
In full flowing measure be it freely quaffed—
No class, creed, or party can poison the draught.
'We move in the circle, 'tis with us always,
It smiles on our threshold more warmly each day,
Kind thoughts, pleasant words, upon white pinions fly,
They are earth's precious treasures—pass them not by.

STELLÆ MARIS.

LIKE a ship the old house totters
In the rude arms of the storm ;
Oh ! 'tis pleasant to be sheltered
Here at rest, and safe and warm.
Long the old walls have been warring
With the storm-king in his might,
But I know he will not move them,
Tho' he rages fierce to-night.
Yet I listen, sad and wakeful,
While the wind wails mournfully ;
Oh ! I cannot sleep for thinking
Of the brave hearts on the sea—
Of the bright eyes dim with weeping,
Of the silent watches keeping—
Ave Marie ! Mother, hear us,
Guide thy sailors safe and free ;
Pity all thy wave-rocked children
Drifting helpless on the sea.
In the wild wail of the tempest
Rings a warning note of woe,
A long farewell from the ocean,
And our silent dead below.
Only love can read its meaning—
Breaking hearts, ye know it well !
Tender sisters, anxious mothers,
What it sayest ye can tell !
And that friend who nearer, dearer
Than all others soon would be,
Did the proud ship homeward bring her
Her brave sailor from the sea !
Oft he pictured her glad greeting,
Thought and dreamed of their fond meeting—
Ave Marie ! Mother, hear us,
Guide the sailor safe and free ;
Pity all the wave-rocked children
Drifting helpless on the sea.

To the beach to-morrow morning,
When the storm's sad work is done,
They will come, the loved and loving,
Seeking each her dearest one.
Some may lay their wave-washed treasures
In the earth's green heart to sleep,
Others stretch their hands, but vainly,
To the unrelenting deep.
Patient watchers by the waters,
Listening to the surging sea,
You shall meet your dead once more
On the bright, illumined shore
Of the glad Eternity,
When death, sorrow, sin and shadow,
Human love shall cease to be.
Ave Marie ! Mother, hear us,
Guide the sailor safe and free ;
Pity all thy wave-rocked children
Drifting helpless on the sea.

THE SHAMROCK.

LET poets chant their lays anew,
To praise the rose or violet blue,
The queenly tulip, filled with dew,
And lily, sweet and fragrant ;
But there's a flower more dear to me,
That grows not on a branch or tree,
But in the grass plays merrily,
And of its leaves there are but three—
'Tis Ireland's native Shamrock.
My country's flower, I love it well,
For every leaf a tale can tell,
And teach the minstrel's harp to swell
In praise of Ireland's Shamrock—

The emblem of our Faith divine,
Which blest St. Patrick made to shine,
To teach eternal truth sublime—
Truth that shall last as long as time,
And long as blooms the Shamrock !

Oh ! twine a wreath of Shamrock leaves,
They decked the banners of our chiefs,
And calmed the Irish exile's griefs,
In distant lands a stranger ;
The Muse inspired, with words of praise,
The poets of our early days
To write in many a glowing phrase,
And sing in powerful thrilling lays
The praises of the Shamrock.

He who has left his island home,
Beneath a foreign sky to roam,
And in a foreign clime unknown,
How dear he loves the Shamrock !
When, on the Feast of Patrick's Day,
He kneels within the church to pray
For Holy Ireland far away,
He feel again youth's genial ray
While gazing on the Shamrock.

The brightest gems or rarest flowers
That ever bloomed in tropic bowers
Could ne'er for him recall such hours
As could the simple Shamrock.
Sweet memories, like refreshing dew,
The past with all its charms renew—
The faithful friends, the cherished few
He left to cull the Shamrock.

Land of the West, my native isle,
May Heaven's blessings on thee shine
And banish foes that would beguile
The lovers of the Shamrock !
May God for ever cherish thee
In peace, and love, and harmony,
And rank thee proud 'mid nations free !
Thus pray thy children fervently
For thee and for the Shamrock.

THE BOY AND THE ROSE.

FLOWERING all alone in the golden light
A red rose grew in a heather dell ;
The sunshine played with the petals bright,
The west winds wafted a sweet farewell.
Wee red rose, as the morning fair,
Scenting the blooming heather ;
Little red rose, so wondrous rare,
Hiding away in the heather !
A little boy, roaming one summer day,
Was lost in the leafy solitudes ;
He saw the rose, fair as blushing May,
And lingered long in the dewy woods.
She charmed him by her witching spell,
Time took swift wing in the heather ;
He had a tale worth gold to tell,
Whispering low in the heather.
“ Fair rose,” said the boy, “ from thy sylvan court,
Wilt thou roam with me, and be my queen ?”
“ Rash boy,” said the rose, “ of thy wanton sport
Repentance will come one day, I ween ;
My dew-gemmed leaves hide thorns—beware !
Pass by the queen of the heather ;
Here must my love-light shine—take care !
I fain would reign in the heather.”

But vain was her warning—he plucked the rose,
 And stole away the heather-dell's pride ;
 In shadow and sun, till life's evening's close,
 The little rose journeyed by his side.
 The thorns pricked, but he blessed the day
 He lingered long in the heather—
 The sun-bright hour he went astray
 And plucked the rose in the heather.

A BALLAD.

AN OLD MAN'S PRAYER.

I.

“ BACK to well-beloved Ireland
 While my failing eyes can see
 Her green hills and pleasant valleys,
 And her rivers rushing free.
 Now, farewell, brave land of freedom,
 Fortune, fame and friends I've met
 On your shores, but round my heart-strings
 Is the old land twining yet.”
 It was thus an old man murmured
 When we first put out to sea,
 And at morning, noon, and evening,
 Thus he prayed incessantly.

II.

“ Back to brave, enduring Ireland,
 Where, in bitterness and tears,
 The glad smile of hope shone ever
 Like a rainbow in dark years ;
 Where the blood of many thousands
 Of her glorious martyred band
 Made the Gospel ray shine brighter,
 Grace diffusing through the land.”
 Thus he prayed his prayer of longing
 As the ship sped o'er the sea,
 Till in hearts that prayer re-echoed
 Like an old sweet melody.

III.

“ Back to sainted, patient Ireland,
Faithful still in pain and loss,
With her brave arms ever ready
To embrace God’s blessed Cross,
Sighing out her many sorrows
In sad tale or thrilling song,
Till her children, nigh despairing,
Cry—O, Lord ! how long ! how long ! ”
Long the voyage seemed, and weary,
To the Isle of Destiny,
And the old man’s voice grew feeble,
But he prayed more fervently.

IV.

“ Back to genial, courteous Ireland,
To the friends, the haunts I knew,
To her kindly loving people,
And her *soggarts*—oh, so true ;
Where the welcome joins with blessings
In the dear soft Gaelic tongue,
Where the prayer, ‘ God speed ye,’ trembles
On the lips of old and young.”
Every morning saw the old man
Gazing sadly out to sea,
And the hush of evening found him
Praying still on bended knee.

V.

“ Take me back to fettered Ireland,
For ’tis from her virgin sod
That my soul would wing in freedom
To the realms of her God.
Mother, Mary, Queen of Heaven,
True to thee my land hath been,
And I know that thou wilt give me
Strength to reach my crownless Queen.”

Mingled with the wind's wild sobbing
And the surging of the sea
Rose that prayer of warm devotion
With increasing fervency.

VI.

“Haste, good ship, the shadows gather,
And the long night draweth nigh—
Land, the land I love, is nearing,
All is peace—now, I may die.
I shall rest behind the chapel
Where the kindly neighbours pass,
They will pray God's mercy on me
Coming out from Sunday's Mass.”
Now his voice is faint and feeble,
But we heard it on the sea
Praying for a grave in Ireland—
E'en a grave there sweet would be.

VII.

One May evening through the valley
Where his childhood years were passed,
Tenderly they bore the old man
To his longed-for home at last ;
'Neath the shamrock turf they laid him
On green Erin's mother breast
In the homely country churchyard
With his kindred hearts at rest.
From the land of his adoption—
Refuge of the brave and free—
For a grave in holy Ireland
He had journeyed o'er the sea.

A FAREWELL.

THE glory of an autumn day
Gilds the proud ship that bears away
From yearning hearts and tearful eyes
Their treasure dear, to distant skies.
For dear thou wert to home and hearth
Thy quiet grace and happy mirth,
And only those who knew thy heart
Can tell how sweet and true thou art.

The light is waning o'er the Lee,
Night's shadows fall upon the sea,
Thy native shore receding fast,
And "Good-bye," must be said at last—
"Good-bye," the saddest words I know—
'Tis hard for love to let thee go ;
'The tear-dimmed eyes gaze out to sea,
'To catch a last glad glimpse of thee.

Old friends will miss through long, long days,
Thy many tender, kindly ways,
Thy voice lives in our memory—
An unforgotten melody.
The pathos of thy song so sweet,
Its echoes in our hearts repeat,
The ballad-minstrels found in thee
The heart and voice of poetry.

Many will miss thee and will yearn
With longing love for thy return ;
To thy bright home beyond the sea,
Prayers, for all good, shall follow thee.
Oft thou to others pleasure brought,
Then may each kind and gentle thought
'That in thy bosom e'er found birth
Shed sunshine round thy home and hearth.

“ NO ROOM.”

AN APPEAL OF “ THE GOOD SHEPHERDS.”

Extract from *Cork Examiner*, 4th December, 1879.

The following entry was made recently in the Diary of the Good Shepherd Convent in this City:—“ Twenty-nine penitents applied for admission during the last two months; for want of Funds only eight of these have been taken in.”

God pity all the waifs and strays
Who throng our streets this Christmas night,
And find no place in loving hearts,
For whom no home or hearth is bright;
But they who blotted from their souls
The impress fair of faith and love,
And left the pure sweet ways of life
Should most of all our pity move.

Where are they now, those twenty-one?—
Poor helpless sisters—where are they?
Cast back upon their awful past
To tread again their guilty way;
Back to a cold and heartless world
With sorrow and despair so rife;
Perchance, back to the waters deep,
To end in sin their sinful life.

The Shepherd called His wandering sheep
To hide them in His sheltering arms,
They heard His voice so wondrous sweet,
He drew them by His tender charms
Out of the darkness into light—
The light of His own wondrous face;
The heart that broke upon the Cross
Had still for them a resting place.

Full often, in their early days,
He fed them with the living bread ;
He longed to gain the hearts again,
For which His own so freely bled ;
They saw the wounded hands and feet,
The virgin flesh scourged for their sins ;
They knocked at His own door, and yet,
We opened not to let them in.

His love had sought and found them out
In humble penitence and tears ;
They came, poor weary prodigals,
Here to forget their blighted years.
Oh, Lord ! 'twas hard to bid them go,
When they would fain Thy mercy seek ;
To send the pleaders from our gates,
With broken hearts and spirits weak.

Oh ! trembling Babe, in Mary's arms,
Let thy low wailing once again
Re-echo in man's heart and plead
For those who strive to break the chain
That fetters them to earth and sin,
Though they could once their sphere adorn
With souls as pure and free from taint
As those who pass them by with scorn !

Fond mother, when your little ones,
To-night shall cluster round your knee,
Lisping their Christmas carols sweet,
With happy innocence and glee,
Think of the homeless, friendless ones,
For whom the gulf is yawning wide :
Once they rejoiced at Bethlehem,
And sorrowed with the Crucified.

To-night the Christmas chimes proclaim
 The lowly birth of Mary's Son ;
 Oh ! by the love that brought thus low,
 From Heaven's bright throne, the Holy One,
 Help them, ere yet it be too late,
 " To taste and see the Lord is sweet ;"
 To call him, *Father*, once again ;
 And let the tears fall at his feet.

Help them, for our sweet Mother's sake,—
 The pearl of our fallen race,—
 Her Mother's heart will hear their plaint,
 And from their dark path evil chase ;
 And for the Magdalen's dear sake,
 Who watched the tomb where Jesus lay,
 That Easter morn, lest cruel men
 Should steal her buried Love away.

Ah ! surely 'tis a noble work
 To rescue souls from direst woe !
 For, be their sins as scarlet red,
 Can God not make them " white as snow ?"
 And bright your generous gifts shall shine
 When, trembling in the King's pure sight,
 You'll read, engraven on his heart,
 The records of this Christmas night.

L I L Y .

I KNOW a sheltered garden, where
 A lily blooms in sunshine fair,
 From Spring's glad birth till Winter dies,
 Beneath the ever-changeeful skies :
 Years pass, and leave in that blest bower
 A purer gem—a rarer flower.

Our Lily has a heart that glows
As warm and fresh as June's young rose
Beneath the rooftree's blest retreat,—
Of womanhood the mirror sweet,
She sheds around that hallowed place
The beauty of a nameless grace.

Deep in her pure heart's sacred mine
Doth nature truest pearls enshrine—
Sweet words that scatter kindly seeds
In thoughts that blossom into deeds;
Like wayside flowers they glow and shine,
And round her life rich blessings twine.

'The infant year, just hovering
'Twixt Winter drear and smiling Spring,
Her birthday crowns with promise bright—
Oh may it wing its happy flight
In golden moments lightly by,
Nor may one cloudlet dim life's sky.

May every birthday as it flies
Unfold for her some glad surprise—
Some gift of joy that evermore
Will leave her happier than before;
Whate'er for her God's love deems best,
With such good gifts may she be blest.

Friendship is poor that can but weave
Those few stray rhymes this happy eve—
This wreath of leaflets green for thee,
Plucked from a very lowly tree;
And yet, perchance, the thought may last,
A link to bind thee to the past.

A SECRET.

MY heart is full of one sweet thought, around which
others throng
So fast, I fain would weave them in a little wreath
of song.
Such a tender, precious secret, was whispered in my
ear—
So low, so shy, and tremulous, as though the world
could hear.
I know a gentle maiden, that dwells beside the sea ;
She wears the spotless coronet, of truth and purity ;
Her life a chain of sunny hours, a hymn of joy her
heart ;
Such grace hath nature crowned her with, she owes no
charm to art.
Her name shines bright on every bud that blows in
woodland wild ;
'Tis written on the glowing heart of Summer's first-
born child ;
It crowns the trees with blossoms white, 'tis nature's
holiday :
It wakes the sweetest melody on every flowering spray.
And now I know that for my friend a glad new joy
is born—
'Twill leave the old house by the sea a treasure less
one morn ;
And hers the happy secret is that fills my song to-day :
The crowning bliss of womanhood is hastening on
its way.
God keep the joy gift in her heart, the sunshine on
her face,
The pure bright loveliness, that shines all tenderness
and grace.
A fonder hope I may not breathe than that her home
may be,
Crowned with the wealth of happiness she knew
beside the sea.

IN MEMORY OF
THE REV. MICHAEL BERNARD BUCKLEY,

WHOSE TOMB IN ST. JOSEPH'S CEMETERY BEARS THE
FOLLOWING EPITAPH :—

“ This Celtic Cross has been erected by his fellow-citizens (lay and clerical) over the remains and in memory of Rev. Michael Bernard Buckley, SS. Peter and Paul's, Cork, in testimony of his rare eloquence in the cause of religion, education, and charity, his devotion to the poor and afflicted, ardent love of country, brilliant attainments in every department of knowledge, endearing social qualities, and his surpassing worth as a Christian Priest. Born, 9th March, 1831. Died, May 17th, 1872—in the 17th year of his sacred ministry. Consumatus in brevi explevit tempora multa.—SAP. IV.”

God reward you, Father Michael—
Scholar, poet, priest of God ;
Not a truer heart, or kinder,
Rests beneath St. Joseph's sod.
They who seek thy grave may know it
By the Celtic cross that keeps
Faithful watch—a fitting emblem
Where an Irish *soggart* sleeps.
Well you loved Faith's sacred symbol,—
You were Celtic to the core ;
By this gift of tender friendship
Your warm heart would set much store.
When Saint Mary's Sabbath greeting
O'er our city solemn swells,
We'll remember how you laboured
For the Cork Cathedral Bells.
God reward you, Father Michael !
Cork was proud of you that day
When your name, with honours wreathed,
Came to us from far away ;
When our country's lays and stories,
In your own bright genius drest,
Woke the love of Erin warmer
In each faithful exile's breast.

With the poet's vivid pictures,
With the scholar's powerful pen.
And the preacher's truth unerring,
Thou did'st charm the hearts of men.
Youth and maid who oft had wandered
Through our shamrock-covered dells
Freely brought their hard-won dollars
For the Cork Cathedral Bells.

Requiesce, Father Michael,
You were good, and true, and leal,
Blessed with brilliant gifts and talents
Modesty would fain conceal;
Your's the wit that never wounded,
Your's the fellow-feeling sweet
That came near another's sorrow
With refinement exquisite.

Requiesce, Father Michael !
Purer than the soft May dew
Shining on the grass above you,
Was the soul we loved in you.
While the bells ring out your story
Green and dear your memory dwells
In the hearts that beat responsive
To the Cork Cathedral Bells.

KING CHRISTMAS.

THERE'S not a monarch in the land
Such pleasant homage can command ;
Where'er his snowy footsteps fall,
Gladness he brings, and peace to all :
The children clap their hands with glee,
When his silvery hair they see ;
The aged greet him as a friend,
For thoughts of him with youth's thoughts blend.

Oh, Christmas chimes—dear Christmas chimes !
Ring out the memory of old times ;—
Each friendly voice, each loving heart,
Now of the buried past a part,
Ring out from Bethlehem a grace
To sanctify each vacant place ;
An echo from the starry spheres,
Where loved ones dwell, to dry our tears.

SONNET TO SAINT AGNES.

With modest courage, eyes undimmed by tears,
She stood before the tyrant in his might ;
Her martyred-soul prepared for that high flight
Which soars above all earthly craven fears ;
A fair child crowned with thirteen golden years,
Her rapt gaze fixed as on the vision bright
Of her Love's glory breaking on her sight ;
She heeded not the soldiers savage jeers ;
She heard the Bridegroom's mystic whispering,
So sad, so sweet, as if from Calvary's height ;
And Calvary's shadow touched her soul's bright wings,
And in her virgin wreath she longed to twine
The crimson passion flower with lilies white,
And shining roses for her Spouse Divine.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PRESS.

EXTRACTS.

Cork Daily Herald, January 31st, 1885.—This little collection of poems is the work of an inmate of the Cork Blind Asylum, who, deprived of heaven's greatest gift, has devoted her hours of darkness to the improvement of those intellectual qualities with which she is more than ordinarily gifted. The poems are all short, and include a few ballads of much pathos and nicely developed thought. All bear the tender impress of a susceptible and sensitive nature, and a tone of exquisite sadness is imparted to some, which will deeply impress a sympathetic reader. "Called Away" is a very fair specimen of this class. "Little Willie," "One by One," and "May in the City," are also admirable little poems. Perhaps one of the most pleasing in the section is a ballad "Back to well beloved Ireland," in which the prayer of the Irishman, grown old in exile, is expressed, that he may again revisit, to die on its shores, the land of his fathers:—

"Take me back to fettered Ireland,
For 'tis from her virgin sod,
That my soul would wind in freedom,
To the realms of her God."

In the poem "Father Mathew," the poetess has shown that she possesses much skill as a panegyrist in verse, and her addition to the lays sung to the memory of the Apostle of Temperance will not shine with uncertainty beside the many brilliant odes penned with the same object. The other poems are also very striking, and will be read with an extreme sense of pleasure. We hope to see the little book, with its admirable contents, widely circulated. The work can be obtained from the authoress at the Asylum for the Blind, or from the publishers.

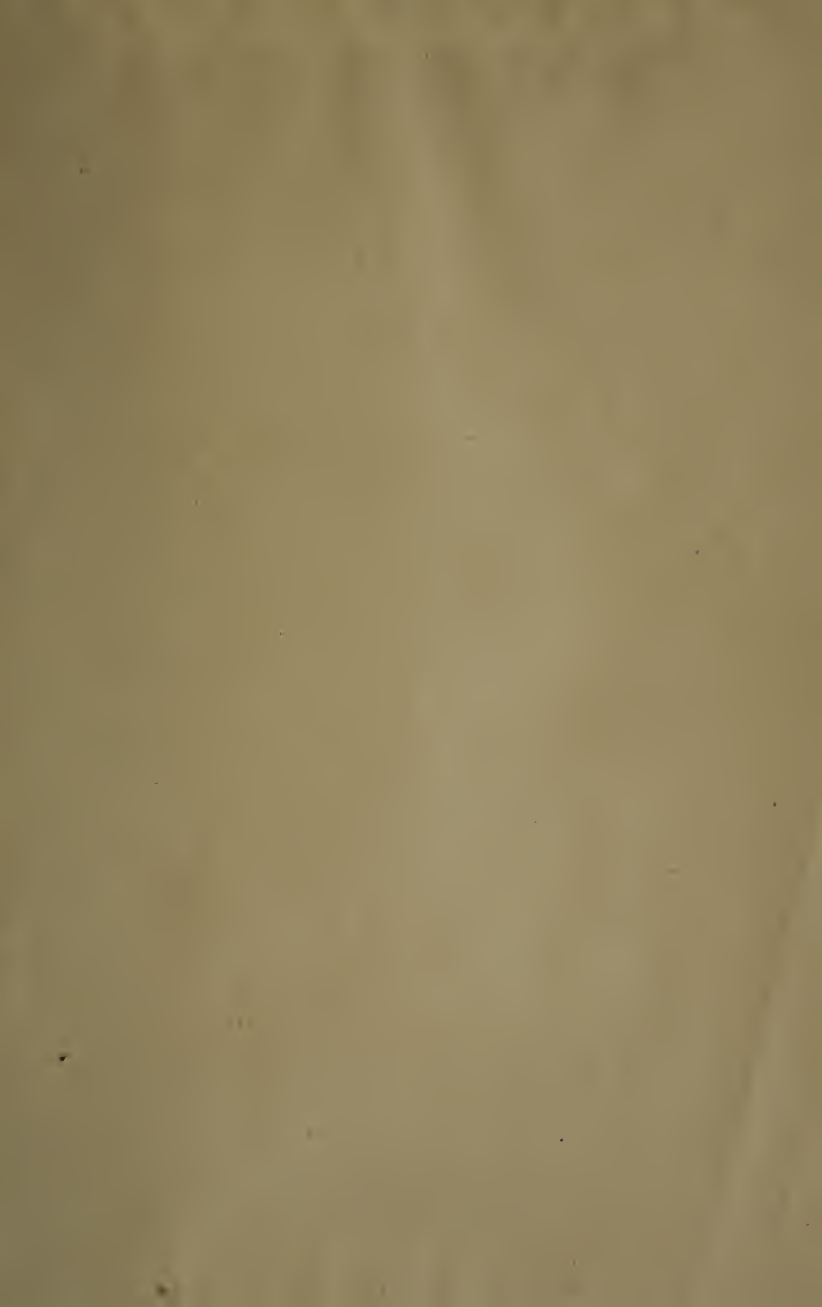
The Irish Monthly, for February, 1885, says:—The second new volume of poems is "Gathered Leaflets," by Helena Callanan, townswoman, but we believe not a relative of the author of "Gougane Barra." It is published by Purcell & Co., of Cork, and bears the municipal arms of Cork on the cover. We hope it was printed also at Cork, for it is very well printed. Miss Callanan is the Frances Brown of the South. This title will probably convey no meaning to most of our readers, for whatever reputation the Blind Poetess of Donegal once possessed, seems to have faded out. In the few words of prose with which the Cork Poetess begins her volume, she makes no allusion to the pathetic circumstance to which we have ventured to refer, except by

dating the dedication from the Cork Asylum for the Blind, and there is nothing but brightness, and cheerfulness, and sweet music in the thirty-three poems which she has gathered into this dainty little volume. The personal feeling that runs through many of them, will make them more pleasing even to strangers. One of the most graceful of those is "Her First Rose," and our other favourites are "Summer," "Life and Death," "May in the City," "An American Letter," "The Shamrock in Florence," (very original metre), and "The Gift of Kindness," though there is a hitch in the second line.

The Freeman's Journal, February 13th.—"Gathered Leaflets," by Helena Callanan. Publishers: Purcell & Co., Cork. The poems of a Cork woman, printed and published in Cork, have, doubtless, created a wild sensation in some circles in the beautiful city. But Miss Helena Callanan's "Gathered Leaflets" have more than a local interest. The dedication to the memory of Mr. Richard Dowden (Richard), is dated from the Cork Asylum for the Blind, and this is the only allusion to a privation which adds much to the pathetic interest of this volume. The volume itself is full of brightness, and sunshine, and colour, and you would never suspect that the author was blind from early childhood, and had none of the most ordinary faculties for acquiring literary culture. Most of these poems, however, require none of the excuses suggested by these circumstances. They are full of taste and melody, and a cheerful tenderness. The amiable personalities that pervades some of them will be a peculiar charm for some readers, while by no means unpleasing to the general public. The friends of the poetess have done well in gathering thus together her scattered "leaflets."

Cork Examiner, January 24th, 1885.—"Gathered Leaflets," by Helena Callanan. Publishers: Purcell & Co. A large part of the interest attachable to this little book lies in the fact that its contents are the work of a blind girl, an inmate of the Asylum in this city. If it be melancholy to think that so much real ability has to suffer from the terrible privation of sight, it is, on the other hand, gratifying to recognise the amelioration of her lot which must be afforded by the capacity to think out and perfect compositions like these. Independently of any extraneous consideration the poems are of merit—indeed their excellence is attested by the fact that many of them appeared in such a high class publication as the *Irish Monthly*. The versification is good, the thoughts elevated and pure, and the expression often very felicitous. She is an enthusiastic votary of temperance, and does not weary in her praise of the glorious memory of Father Mathew. To that of the late Richard Dowden (Richard) also she is ardently attached, and to it her little book is affectionately dedicated. We must add that the book has been most creditably brought out by the publishers.

JUSTIN M'CARTHY, Esq., says:—"I have read all the poems, and with the sincerest pleasure. They have the true and tender voice of genuine poetry in them. The author has a marvellous perception of what is beautiful in nature—a kind of instinct or second sight. She sees, as Macaulay says of Milton, 'with that inner eye which no calamity can darken.' And then the poems have for me the unspeakable charm of being so thoroughly Irish in feeling and spirit. I hear the ripple of the Lee as I read them, and the chime of the bells of Shandon, and feel home sick! Pray tell her how sincerely I admire and enjoy her poems, and how much I am obliged to her for kindly thinking of sending the green-bound volume to me."



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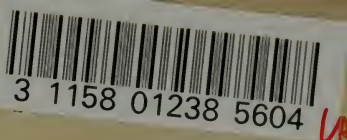
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